

Farm and Home Council.

freezing, but I could never coax it to give me even one bloom. You can imagine my astonishment when coming here to find them growing everywhere and blossoming as freely as the May-weed in the north. The beautiful Constantine Elliott passion vine has dainty flowers of purple and white fringed petals, and its pistil and stamens form the sign of the cross. They are generally as large as a teacup. They will spring up right in the middle of the road, where it seems hard as a rock. The vine and leaf seem much coarser than the greenhouse kind, but the blossom is just as dainty and silken. I am wondering if the seed of this wild kind would not prove much more hardy if planted in the north. They blossom when the vine is but 18 inches high. If trained, they seem to grow to almost any height and are very rapid in growth. The seed buds they produce are a kind of fruit like our northern mandrake, and are much liked by the natives, who call them "May-pops."—[Adeline Isln-hour.

Wonderful—Hardly any of us realize what a wonderful gift it is to be able to place our thoughts on paper and send them hundreds of miles to distant places, and there to be read and understood as well as if we were there and spoke them. This is wonderful when we think of one letter, but when your letter goes into print you multiply it hundreds of thousands of times and you send it to people you never saw and probably never will see.—[Charles A. Croulman.

Never Dies—Let us give a smile and kind word in the place of the frown and accustomed scold. Oh, the influence of a kind word! Do we realize it never dies? Many a heart is hungry for that which is so easily given. It is sure to fall upon fertile soil. This is one way

of casting our bread upon the waters. I am a member of a letter circle, and am in hopes of finding it a benefit and pleasure to me in some of the long hours which are before me during the winter months. My employment is very confining, and my chief pleasure is derived through my correspondence. I hope to make some new congenial friends through the letter circle.—[Bachelor Girl.

A Tonic—Why always the one topic, love? Have we not some good physicians among us that will come to the rescue with a tonic? The thought of being an old maid has driven many by its odium to a loveless marriage. If we would but stop and think we could avoid so many heartaches. Then let us forget self and strive by some act of kindness to brighten the lives of our own sex who need our words of divine counsel to cheer their aching hearts.

"Let us then be up and doing.
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."
[Grace.

A Bear Story—Not long ago my husband and a neighbor friend decided to go to a place not far from here called Cedar mountain to hunt deer. At this place they secured two good hunting dogs. My husband with one of the dogs went in one direction and his friend with the other dog went in another. My husband had not got very far when suddenly his dog began to run. Coming nearer to where the dog was, he could see a big bear way up in the tree. As he had long wished he could meet a bear in the woods, he felt very buoyant over the fact that he had his wish gratified. He raised his gun and fired a shot which wounded the bear, then Mr Bruin start-



ed down the tree with terrific growls. After four shots the bear fell to the ground, a distance of some 50 feet, which made quite a dent in old Mother Earth. The bear quickly rose and started toward my husband, when the barks of the dog so amazed him that he made an attack on the dog instead, and my husband had just time enough to reload his gun, in which he used his last shot, walked up a little closer to the bear, which was only five or six feet away, aimed his gun at the bear's jugular vein and shot old Bruin as he attempted to take the dog's head in his mouth. The bear was sold to one of the largest meat markets in Seattle. It weighed 600 lbs when dressed.—[Mrs Anna Maude B.

Drying Negatives—Where are Lily, A. W. Foley, One Who Has the Fever and Cam E. Rakodak gone, or why do they not write again? Could we not get a place oftener in F & H for a chat on photography? Did anyone ever try drying negatives with alcohol? Put a small amount, say 1 dr of alcohol in 10 oz water, and after washing the negative in this for four or five minutes, set it up in a cool place to dry. It will dry in about half an hour.—[Andy.

Inquiring Friends—W. T. A., palmistry books of standard value are: E. Heron-Allen's Manual of Chelrosophy, about \$1.50, Putnam's book publishing house, New York city, and Chelro's two books, Language of the Hand (about \$2) and Guide to the Hand (about 75c), which are published by several houses and can be ordered through your bookseller.—Mabel A., a reliable dealer in Shetland ponies is J. Murray Hoag, Maquoketa, Ia.—May, "how to make ladies' and children's clothes" is well told in the instructions sent out with our patterns. We have printed directions for making

mitten, but there is not much call for knit gloves.—F. J. C., we know of no periodical edited especially for nurses, although there are of course plenty of nurses' books and many medical and home journals have articles on nursing.—Miss Martha Fenn, Box 173, So-dus, N Y, wants to know if there is still a prize awaiting solution of the 36 cell puzzle.—L. W. Towle, The Man With the Hoe was published in F & H Oct 1, '99.—John G. V., we don't know how "backwoods hominy" differs from other kinds, by that general name.—In regard to that German Bible published in 132, Box 148, South River, Ontario, would like to open correspondence.

Coins and Stamps—J. R. C., your descriptions are indefinite. The silver piece of 1787 is probably a Spanish 2 reales of Carlos III, very common. Your 1804 coin may be of any country.—G. McL. C., your "silver dollar" of 1796, is a thaler of Frederick William II of Prussia, worth about \$1 or 1.50, original value 65 or 70c of our money.—C. B. O., your penny of 1799 is of what country? There was no United States coin of that date.—W. J. F., your copper cent of 1820 is very common.—T. L., a firm that buys old coins is the New York Stamp and Coin Co, 85 Broadway, New York city.—E. B., the United States cent of 1816 is worth from 5c upward, according to state of preservation. It is a very common date.—W. B. W., your stamps are valued at only a few cents a hundred.

Ginger Cookies—Four tablespoonfuls melted lard, 3 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon soda and 1 of ginger, 2-3 cup molasses and 1-3 cup sugar. Mix stiff enough to roll, bake in a hot oven.—[A. R. A.

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"UNEXPECTED TROUBLE." Actual Size, 19 x 25 inches.

The Theme. In the foreground is an old hen, greatly excited because she cannot swim after her foster brood of ducklings. Gleefully watching the predicament of the hen is a little child held up by a doting grandmother. The whole picture is full of life and appeals to every one at first sight.

The Artist.

Following is a letter from Mr. Morgan, the artist, to whom one of the reproductions was submitted.

MONTROSE VILLA, ST. BONIFACE ROAD, VENTNOR,

AUG. 16, '98.

"I recognize at once my work which I painted in 1893. It is a most admirable copy of my original, quite one of the most satisfactory reproductions I have ever had, giving the exact drawing and color and almost the touches of the brush. In some senses too faithful, as it brings to my memory the difficulties of getting the baby boy to pose, and the worry of the ducklings.

"The incident of the old hen getting angrily excited because she cannot swim after her foster brood was suggested to me many years ago, when I was a child in Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, justly celebrated for its ducks and butter. I used to see the hen-wife bring the young ducks as soon as hatched and toss them into the farm pond, and as the scene interested me then, I thought it worth recording. It is sometimes urged that hens have nothing to do with ducks, but that is erroneous. The adult duck is a bird mother, breaks the eggs and neglects her brood, while working hens are generally careful mothers and sit early in the season.

"My picture as far as I know has not been exhibited. The greater part of my life has been passed in the country and all of my pictures are of domestic scenes in the open air." Yours faithfully,

FRED MORGAN.